

# THE CARMELITE

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OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

FIVE CENTS

## *The Future of Carmel Streets: Colored or Colorless?*

As a contribution to the current discussion relative to the type of paving material to be used in the business zone improvement district soon to be formed, The Carmelite presents expressions of opinion by a representative group of Carmel citizens. Gathered at random, without prior knowledge of leanings one way or another, the object in compiling the symposium which follows has been to reflect a true cross-section of thought in the matter. The Carmelite as such remains neutral, although far from uninterested:

### DR. R. A. KOCHER:

"I favor the asphaltic type of pavement provided all future paving is uniformly of this type. I would also concur in the cement type of pavement with some color to relieve the ordinary grey surface if this type of pavement is uniformly adopted."

EDWARD KUSTER, designer of the former Theatre of the Golden Bough and of the group of shops fronting it: "I shy at the idea of entering a Carmel controversy. Anyone who has taken notice of the type of local building for which I am responsible cannot fail to understand that I must believe white paving to be an abomination. Not merely in Carmel, but everywhere. I am fed up on the idea of Carmel's being 'different.' Altadena has preserved trees in the middle of its streets; North Pasadena has curved its streets around old trees; scores of Eastern seaboard towns have done the same. Restfully-colored pavement abounds all over the world. Ugliness needn't be synonymous with utility anywhere. Why affect the slogan 'different' and make a lot of us feel self-conscious and uncomfortable?"



A LINOLEUM CUT BY  
MOIRA WALLACE  
AN EXHIBIT OF WHOSE RECENT  
WORK WILL BE ON VIEW AT THE  
GALLERY SHOP IN THE COURT  
OF THE SEVEN ARTS FOR ONE  
WEEK BEGINNING SATURDAY

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO



## Carmel News

### *The Future of Carmel Streets: Colored or Colorless?*

*Continued from page one*

#### TILLY POLAK:

"Personally I do not want any other paving for the business district—or as far as that is concerned, any other district—than the soft dirt roads like we have now in Carmel, kept in good shape by road-scrappers now in use.

"But IF we have to have so called improvements, let us try to keep Carmel unusual. By that I do not mean 'freakish', but Carmel as a glowing light in the darkness of monotony and uniformity that engulfs us more and more. Why should a business district be paved in hard glaring concrete while for the same amount we can have the soft, and mellow asphalt, so unusual for an American town and so appropriate for Carmel. Let us have the good taste to keep our Carmel by nature one of the most beautiful spots in the world, a town that dares to be itself."

#### METZ DURHAM, merchant and theatrical producer:

"My dictionary very aptly describes gray as hoary white mixed with black. When I think of gray pavement I think of gas stations, soft drink stands slot machines with the candy turned endwise in a vain attempt to evade the law, stop signs, turn buttons, stucco fronts, —yes, and hardware stores, and all the other monstrosities that are year by year making Carmel more and more like Gonzales."

#### FRITZ WURTMAN, peninsula business man resident in Carmel:

"I believe that the plan of Mayor Heron should be supported in every way. Having seen many pavements in the United States and Europe I think that the dark asphaltic concrete with the colored side-walks will give a charming impression and help to keep up the unusual beauty of our city."

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CAPTAIN JOHN WARD and PAUL McFARLAND, of Hotel LaRibera, submitted interesting and informative opinions which unfortunately must be held over until the next issue. Additional communications on the subject will be welcomed by The Carmelite.

#### DR. AMELIA L. GATES (in a letter to the Council):

"Regretting that I shall not be in Carmel on the evening of this meeting, I am sending this statement in regard to my position on the paving question.

"I am a large property owner in the area concerned and wish to put myself as being strongly in favor of streets of asphaltic concrete and sidewalks of colored pavement.

"We have all seen in Monterey - as an example - just what concrete with its deadly gray monotony does to a town. Now do we in Carmel want to follow that example, instead of having something that we can be proud of? "The greatest asset to us in this village is our appreciation of the beauties with which nature has endowed us, and we are constantly striving to keep up that record of beauty to the outside world. Now if we can have colorful streets which would fit into this general scheme, why imitate the gray monotony of our standardized small towns? I therefore request that I am in favor of any scheme which will add to the natural beauty; and I believe that the proposed scheme of asphaltic concrete and colored sidewalks will be both useful in its lasting durability, and beautiful in colorful effect."

#### CLAIR FOSTER, Lieutenant-Colonel, Q.M.C., R.—

favors a departure from the standardized cement on the score of general appearance. His preference is for the asphaltic surface, but he would not be opposed to colored cement if it can be shown that the addition of color in the necessary quantity would not weaken the mixture to such a degree that it would not stand the wear and tear of traffic.

#### HAZEL WATROUS, of the Denny-Watrous Gallery:

"I should like to see all of the street planning in Carmel done in a color that is as nearly like the color of our sandy soil as possible. It seems to me that black is as objectionable as the bluish light gray of concrete in color. The "feel" of asphalt gives a more natural paving than the cold hardness

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and glare of concrete. The quality of asphalt combined with the color of sand would be an ideal covering for our streets."

#### JOHN BATHEN, engineer:

"White versus black—one of the perennial causes of opinionated community fights; not based on understanding of quality but on individual preferences. In Carmel's case the fight is exaggerated by our wish for being different.

"Why not let us be REALLY different? Let us go in for stone-paving; it would cost about the same as brick.

"Such paving would accomplish our wishes for strikingly beautiful individuality.

"It is practically possible, for we have an unlimited supply of our own; it would get all the money spent in circulation locally; and—last but not least—the visitors would be sure to see and talk about our beautiful individualistic pavements. We would then get away from such recurring bickerings as the 'white versus black' seem always to bring on."

#### WILLIAM P. SILVA, artist—

expressed a preference for concrete cement pavement for the two-fold reason that it would harmonize with existing pavements in the business district, and secondly, that any colored pavement would soon be spoiled in appearance by motor oil and grease.

#### MRS. JOSEPH SCHOENINGER, civic leader and member high school board:

"Being a taxpayer in Carmel, I am of course vitally interested in the matter of paving. However, having full confidence in our present board of trustees and knowing that they are giving this matter thorough consideration with the interests of all taxpayers at heart, I shall be satisfied with any decision at which they may arrive."

#### FREDERICK BECHDOLT, writer—

—stated, in effect, that so long as a few more streets in Carmel were made passable, the color of the surfacing would be immaterial to him.

#### MISS J. N. CULBERTSON, artist:

"I am opposed to a mixture of pavements. I cannot see any objection to the soft grey color of Ocean Avenue. Then, too, it seems to me the burden of taxation on the property owners affected should be made as light as possible. As I understand it, the black pavement and the brick gutters will be much more expensive than the concrete finish."



L. A. ROSS, Retired:

"World travelers appreciate the importance of first impressions when visiting new lands, particularly the physical aspects. One assimilates them as time goes on and soon comes to see them through native eyes.

"I can still remember how the streets and sidewalks of Carmel registered upon me. Here was a different town, this Carmel-by-the-Sea, different from any city I had ever visited. It was these very dirt roads and picturesque meandering sidewalks, as well as the pines and oaks that broke any sense of regularity found in the all too common thoroughfares of the stereotyped city.

"Keep Carmel as it is. Let it be the one and only city of its kind in captivity. If it must be chained by a business zone, let the number of links be carefully counted out and weld no more to make it longer. If this center of industry must have a strong foundation to walk and ride on, give it to them; let them have their pavement and their flagging. But above everything impress upon these princes of commerce that their channels of industry shall not and must not encroach beyond the dead line. By give and take we may be able to keep our dream city Carmel-by-the-Sea."

BERNARD ROWNTREE, engineer community worker:

"I have no figures on the subject and probably opinions would vary in proportion to the number of people consulted, but I believe half of the money we spend is for our pleasure.

Very likely there is no argument that the money we spend for books, the theatre, entertainment and recreation is for our pleasure. As regards automobiles? Which of us buys the cheapest car we could use?

Food, clothing and shelter are considered the three essentials of life but which of us is satisfied with what is barely necessary for our existence? Don't we spend at least half on these essentials for the part that adds to our pleasure in addition to our necessities? Business experience has proven that employees will perform more work and of better quality when pleasant surroundings are furnished.

If it is "good business" to have agreeable working conditions and we are willing to pay for the pleasure we get out of living, why not have street paving that in addition to being useful, will be ornamental.

Let he who will, argue that colored paving will bring trade and tourists.

I hope to live and work in Carmel the remainder of my life and though it may be selfish, I wish to be surrounded by congenial people, buildings, trees and PAVEMENTS.

PAUL FLANDERS, president, Carmel Land Company:

"If the colors are well selected—and I believe that they would be—I am of the opinion that colored pavement of streets and sidewalks would prove an asset not only to the particular streets so paved, but to the entire community. The cost might be greater, but so would be the return to the owners of property on such streets. I believe that, if once tried, the use of colored paving, brick or native stone would become general in Carmel, and that those who now doubt the wisdom of this policy would ultimately become enthusiastic for it."

GEO. S. COBLENTZ, Retired:

"Before coming to Carmel, two years ago, I lived for thirty years in a small city of about the same population as Carmel. Like the old-timers here I saw my former city grow from a few dwellings to an incorporated city of the Sixth Class. I flatter myself in thinking that I assisted with its growth for I served a number of years

as a City Trustee, and helped to share the trials and tribulations of a growing community. Knowing the rough and rugged road it is a councilman's duty to travel I have on numerous occasions silently smiled over the agitation caused in trying to reach a decision as to color or no color for our new pavements and walks. So I welcome your kind invitation to express myself on the subject.

"Personally I am in favor of colored pavements, walks and curbing and I believe that our Councilmen have shown great consideration for our citizens and wonderful patience in trying to do something that will please them all. I believe that our Mayor has already expressed my sentiments when he made the statement "that because we have already made one mistake by not putting down colored pavements, walks and curbing in the beginning is no reason why we should continue making mistakes." It is impossible to please all the tax payers. Whether it is color or no color there are going to be some disgruntled people so I say let the members of the Board come to an early decision and start work.

"We moved to Carmel for two reasons. First on account of your fine school and second because Carmel is different. So let us keep it different."

ESTABLISHED 1890

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1931 IS OUR FORTY-SECOND YEAR

SALINAS

CASTROVILLE

GONZALES

MONTEREY

KING CITY

CARMEL



MYSTERIOUS TIBET AT  
THE PLAYHOUSE

On Tuesday, February tenth, at Carmel Playhouse, Major W. H. Cross, a noted Scotch mining engineer who, during the last twenty years, has penetrated further into Tibet and Mongolia than any other living traveller of whom we know, will give an illustrated talk under the same title as that of his wife's fascinating recent book, "Through the Land of Living Gods." Major Cross, at present advisory engineer to the great Tsong Du mines in Mongolia, is well-known as a racy, incisive speaker on Far Eastern affairs.

"Through the Land of Living Gods" will take the auditors into the mysteries of Tibet, from the giant Himalayas through the barred, forbidden and dangerous country of the lamas to Hla-sa, the Place of Spirits, the Forbidden City. What Major Cross brings to the Occident from this ancient civilization and its mysterious seats of learning, religion and occultism is so alien to Western knowledge that it would be incredible but for the wide reputation of the narrator. Fascinating slides, unmatched in the world, accompany the lecture.

With Major Cross is his wife, who has for years been in charge of a great hospital situated far up on the Himalayan slopes. As Gladys Cross, she has written several fascinating books regarding the Roof of the World, the most recent of which, "Through the Land of Living Gods," is just off the press. In the entourage of "the Masters" on a pilgrimage from Hla-sa to the Great Place, the seat of Bodhidharma, or the Religion of Wisdom, she lived through experiences such as no other woman of Western civilization has undergone. Mrs. Cross will open her husband's lecture with a short introductory talk, commencing at half past eight.

PERRY DILEY PUPPETS  
RETURN SATURDAY

Saturday afternoon, at two-thirty, and again in the evening, the Perry-Dilley Puppet Theatre will show in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. For the children's matinee, "The Black King," or "The Adventures of a Chimney-Sweep," is the program, showing a little chimney-sweep working so energetically that he falls headlong down the chimney right into the soup of the Black King himself!

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Prefacing this, and the evening bill also, is the old Japanese farce, "Boiled Celery."

Those who saw the abandonment of delight of the children when "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs" played here a few weeks ago, and those who heard their shoutings and interpolations when a puppet would ask a question, will not willingly miss a "children's matinee." The show is made, as it were, by the children in their spontaneous insistence on the way things should be for the little ones on the stage who are like themselves.

The Perry Dilley Puppets, finest of their kind in the country, according to Sam Hume, travels with a complete equipment embracing only two medium-sized crates, carried in a small truck. These crates contain puppets, scenery, drapes, lights, etc., and when empty they are bolted together to form the main part of the stage structure. The whole stage is ingeniously constructed to save space and weight. With six plays packed in the crates, the total weight is under three hundred pounds. The puppeteers, Grace Stearns and Grace Wickham, can set the stage and be ready for a performance in an hour's time.

The figures are all hand-puppets—that is, they are manipulated on the thumb and the two fingers of the operator's hand, which is hidden inside the costume. One of the essential things in the art of puppetry is the voice work, and in the use of voice, at all times preserving complete illusion, the Perry Dilley Company is considered without rival in California.

The program for the evening performance is "Columbine's Birthday," prefaced by "Boiled Celery."

## "ELIZABETH THE QUEEN"

On Saturday evening, February seventh, Mrs. Hugh Brown will read, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, the much discussed Theatre Guild success, "Elizabeth the Queen." San Francisco and the cities around the bay have come to rely on Mrs. Hugh Brown to keep them in touch with what is playing on Broadway, for she gives brilliant and satisfying readings of plays immediately they are produced in New York.

George Warren, of the "Chronicle," has written of her work: "Mrs. Brown, a niece of that distinguished and much-loved actor, Theodore Roberts, is a reader of distinction and power . . . has intelligence and a good sense of interpretation, and a divine sense of clear diction. . . . It was an illumination of the printed word; a giving of the flame of life to a creation of the mind."

DENNY  
WATROUS

GALLERY

Opp. Post Office Dolores St. Carmel

PERRY DILLEY PUPPETS  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31 AT 2:30 AND 8:30

ADULTS 75c AT MAT., \$1.00 EVE.

CHILDREN 50c

## COMING ATTRACTIONS—

FEBRUARY 7—MRS. HUGH BROWN—READING  
"ELIZABETH THE QUEEN"

FEBRUARY 21—ESPINEL, SPANISH FOLK SONGS

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE Studio Theatre of the  
Golden Bough

MAJOR W. H. CROSS

Advising Engineer to the Tsong-Du Mines of Mongolia  
IN A FASCINATING ILLUSTRATED TALK"Through the Land  
of Living Gods"

TUES. EVE, FEB. 10, AT 8:30

Admission, \$1.00, at the Door



THIRD CONCERT OF THE  
MUSIC SOCIETY SEASON

Following closely upon the Aguilar Lute Quartet comes the third concert of the Carmel Music Society's present season. On Tuesday evening, February third, Mina Hager, mezzo-contralto, will sing. Mina Hager is a distinguished artist, whose art shows itself not only in a rich, deeply expressive voice, but in programs that do not depart in any way from the musical integrity of the real artist. On February third she will sing "Salve Regina" of Pergolesi, the "Panis Angelicus" of Caesar Franck, the magnificent "Allelujah," the seventeenth-century Easter hymn, and songs of John Alden Carpenter, Erich Wolff, Holland Robinson, and some Old English songs.

The press criticisms that Miss Hager receives are equally unusual and ring true. "Miss Hager's voice might be likened unto a great 'cello, such is the remarkable evenness of tone from her rich deep contralto notes to her mezzo-soprano high notes." "Of twenty-odd Sunday afternoon soloists last season, Mina Hager stands foremost in my recollection. . . Miss Hager has genuine, not merely manufactured, individuality; her singing is hers and not any one's else." "She sang the first truly interest-

ing, distinctive program of the season, and it was sung with an enthusiastic lot of understanding."

Mina Hager is no ordinary artist who has "arrived." She combines a high intel-

ligence with imagination and that sense all too rare in a musician—a feeling for design. To hear Mina Hager is to hear a very great artist. Her Carmel program follows:

- I. Salve Regina (Arranged by Frederick Stock) \_\_\_\_\_ Pergolesi
- II. What If I Never Speede? \_\_\_\_\_ Dowland  
Sweet Was The Song \_\_\_\_\_ Attey  
Sweet Nympe \_\_\_\_\_ Morley  
(Old English songs arranged by Leo Sowerby)
- III. Hat Dich Die Liebe Beruhrt \_\_\_\_\_ Joseph Marx  
Waldseligkeit \_\_\_\_\_ Joseph Marx  
Ich Bin Eine Harfe \_\_\_\_\_ Erich Wolff  
Leidenschuh' Uber Leisten Von Gold \_\_\_\_\_ Erich Wolff  
Ewig \_\_\_\_\_ Erich Wolff
- IV. From "Le Bestaire" \_\_\_\_\_ Poulenc  
Le Dromadaire \_\_\_\_\_ Le Dauphin  
Les Poils De Cette Chevre \_\_\_\_\_ L'Ecrivisse  
La Sauterelle \_\_\_\_\_ La Carpe
- V. La Chevelure \_\_\_\_\_ Debussy  
Ma Poupee Cherie \_\_\_\_\_ Severac  
Chanson Pour Le Petit Chival \_\_\_\_\_ Severac  
Panis Angelicus \_\_\_\_\_ Caesar Franck  
Allelujah (17th century Easter hymn) \_\_\_\_\_ Arr. by O'Connor-Morris

**CARMEL  
MUSIC  
SOCIETY**  
FOURTH ANNUAL SEASON

# THIRD CONCERT

# MINA HAGER

MEZZO-CONTRALTO

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3 AT 8:30

CARMEL THEATRE, FORMERLY THE  
THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

PIATIGORSKY, 'CELLIST \_\_\_\_\_ March 10

SEATS ON SALE 11 TO 5 DAILY BEGINNING TODAY  
DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, CARMEL \_\_\_\_\_



BREAD—  
ROLLS—  
PIES AND CAKES—  
mixed with the very best  
ingredients and baked by  
electricity

## DOLORES BAKERY

DINE AT...  
**PINE  
INN...**

TABLE D'HOTE  
6:30 TO 7:30  
\$1.25

AND...  
DINE WELL

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## FEBRUARY MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Thomas Vincent Cator, with the assistance of three local artists, has arranged a concert for the general meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club to be held at two-thirty Monday afternoon, February second, at the Girl Scouts House. A well-balanced selection of classical and modern music will be presented. The program follows:

Samuel Ethridge, baritone; Arthur Gunderson, violinist; Gordon Wilson, pianist.

Program presented by the Carmel Academy of Music.

I.  
Come Raggio di Sol (seventeenth century song) Caecini  
Where're You Walk Handel  
Myself When Young (from "In a Persian Garden") Lehman  
Samuel Ethridge

II.  
Sonata in A major Handel  
Andante; allegro; adagio; allegretto.

III.  
Valse Brillante Eduard Schuett  
Gordon Wilson

IV.  
Caro Mio Ben Giordanni  
Honor and Arms Handel  
As Then the Tulip (from "In a Persian Garden") Lehman  
Samuel Ethridge

V.  
Melodie Arabe Glazounoff-Kochanski  
Adagio Religioso (from Concerto in D Minor) Vieuxtemps  
Aus Der Hiemat Friedrich-Smetana  
Arthur Gunderson

VI.  
Fantasie on Themes from  
"Die Walkure" Kogel-Wagner  
Gordon Wilson

Members of the club are reminded that they may bring guests upon payment of twenty-five cents for each person not a member.

## CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Monthly meeting—see notice above.

Book Section—fourth and eighteenth, at ten o'clock.

Current Events—eleventh and twenty-fifth at ten o'clock.

Bridge—ninth and twenty-third, at two o'clock.

(The above-mentioned meetings to be held in the Girl Scout House.)

Garden Section—February fifth, at the home of Mrs. Walter Johnson, Casanova between Tenth and Eleventh; February nineteenth at Mrs. Ford's, Junipero and Eleventh.

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## SUNSET P.-T. A. MEETING

It is a far cry from the way most of us learned to read and to figure to the painless methods now employed in our modern elementary schools, in these two subjects. Realizing that many mothers and fathers who would like to help their youngsters get acquainted with the mysteries of the printed page and of the science of numbers, are seriously handicapped and even sometimes entirely frustrated in the attempt through unfamiliarity with modern pedagogical method, the Sunset Parent-Teachers Association has planned for its next meeting, Wednesday afternoon, February fourth, a demonstration lesson. Mrs. Trowbridge, of the Sunset School faculty, will teach an actual class of six and seven year olds, a lesson in reading and arithmetic.

## THE FORUM

A detailed announcement of the February Forum of the Woman's Club will appear in the next issue of The Carmelite. The speaker will be Dr. Louis Richard Patmont and his subject will be "The Spirit and the Face of Bolshevism."

## W. I. L. MEETING

The regular meeting of the Women's International League will be held at the home of the Misses Kellogg, Casanova Street near Ninth, Sunday, February first, at eight P. M. Miss Smith will lead a discussion on the Narcotics Committee of the League of Nations. The meeting is open to everybody interested.

## MOIRA WALLACE EXHIBITS

An exhibit of drawings by Moira Wallace will be on view at the Gallery Shop in the Court of the Seven Arts beginning next Saturday.

Moira Wallace's recent exhibit at the East-West Gallery, San Francisco, received much complimentary notice.

Aline Kistler wrote in the "San Franciscan": "Imaginative, symbolical, rhythmic -- her work is both vital and young. Young not so much in expression as in idea and enthusiasm. These are strangely beautiful creatures that Moira Wallace has conjured out of her imagination -- that face with its full lips and smouldering eyes -- those bodies molded by desire and wondering."

Several more extracts: "The work of Miss Wallace is, in its major portion, decoration. It is characterized by a strong feeling for design, carried out in rhythmic form." "Her work shows versatility and the spirit of experimentation."

Moira Wallace has the distinction of being the first Carmel-born artist to reach the "one-man show" stage in her career. Her work has a large following in Carmel.



## GERMAN OPERA

Carmel was represented by several groups of music-lovers at the opening of the German Grand Opera Company's San Francisco season last Saturday night. "Die Walkure" was presented, with Johanna Gadski in the role of Brunhilde, Max Roth as Wotan, and Johannes Sembach as Siegmund.

After a rather colorless first act, the opera began to gain spirit, and Mme. Gadski opened the second act with the triumphant call of the Valkyrie in the most brilliant manner possible. In spite of her years, Mme. Gadski shows the strength and vigor of youth, and her voice, though beyond its prime, is capable of handling the most difficult passages with a confidence that far outshone any of the other sopranos. Her personality took hold at the moment of her first appearance and she carried the opera through to the finish with a mounting spirit that showed a definite effect on the confidence of the rest of the cast. Not until the curtain fell at the end of the third act did she lose her grip on the audience. The evident sincerity and beauty of the portrayals of Brunhilde and Wotan served to swing the spirit of the opera, in spite of the disconcerting indecision of many of the other performers.

The music of Wagner's "Ring of the Niebelungen" is without question superb, and the orchestra, under the direction of Max von Schillings, rendered it beautifully, much to the satisfaction of the many opera-goers who went less to see the performance than to hear the music itself.

Altogether, combining the thrill of the first night, the crowded auditorium, and excellent performances of at least part of the cast, one regrets that the German Grand Opera Company is to be in San Francisco for such a short season. It was marvelous.

S. J.

## DRAMA TO THE FORE

"National Drama Week," sponsored by the Drama League of America, will be observed February eighth to fourteenth. Affiliated groups in various cities are preparing programs in connection with the week, to include presentation of special plays by communities and schools, readings of plays, talks by playwrights and artists and others associated with the theatre, and national broadcasting of scenes from current productions in New York.

No plans have been announced for a local observation of National Drama Week, but on the preceding Saturday Mrs. Hugh Brown will give a reading of "Queen Elizabeth" at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

## A LECTURE ON AFRICAN TRIBAL CUSTOMS

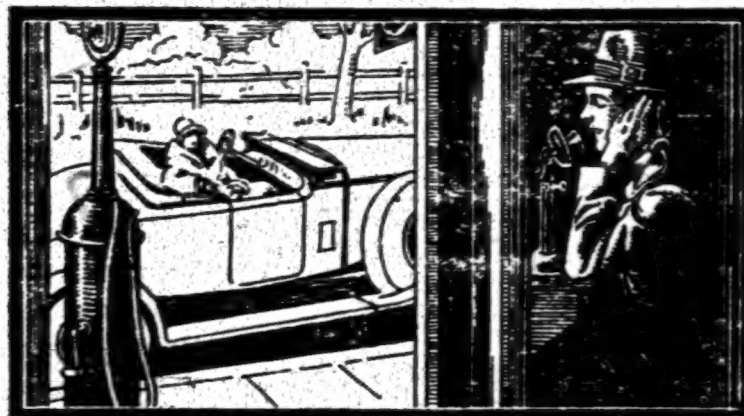
Perhaps the most unique lecture to be presented this season in the East Bay district will be given in Oakland Friday evening, January thirtieth, by Carl von Hoffman, who showed his wonderful film, "Jungle Gods" last year in Berkeley. This year he brings his latest film, "Zulu Rites," which will be accompanied by musical records of Zulu chants. For the first time an American audience can both see and hear the Zulus dancing their weird tribal rites.

Captain von Hoffman appears in the theatre of the Oakland Woman's City Club as the fourth attraction of the Elsie Cross Celebrity Lectures.

Many will be amazed to hear in the barbaric notes of the Zulu chants what might be called the beginning of "jazz," the similarity of cadences and the inevitable concatenation of sounds to those heard nightly in American cabarets.



These untutored savages took to Captain von Hoffman and opened to him their storehouse of tradition, permitting him to view and photograph native weddings and also the secret burial of a native ruler. Captain von Hoffman has the happy faculty of realistic narration. He delivers his lectures as he has made his pictures, with an unfailing ability to present adventure, drama and romance, colored by his own sympathetic insight and humor.



## A thousand miles ~ or a city block

A COUPLE were bowling down the highway. The driver's wife suddenly plucked his sleeve.

"John," she said, "I think I left the electric iron turned on."

The car stopped at the first telephone station. The facts were explained to the home town fire department, 90 miles away. A fireman went at once to the address and clicked off the current before any damage was done.

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## On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Throughout Europe is a pessimism which smoulders in the hearts of many people like a slow, malignant fever. Among the Central and Balkan races it is the result of inadequate food during a decade and a half of war derangements, and the mental and spiritual poisons, the fears and hates, bred in that brutal and selfish period. One meets this melancholy defeatism in all Europe. It pervades England, Ireland and France. It bathes Germany in a brown, bitter fog. In Italy, Spain, Poland, Hungary, Greece and Portugal, despite the goads of dictators, it prostrates the masses of the people. In those dictated countries, whose upper ether is tense with feverish hope of a new future, whose aristocracy, church and finance have staked all on a stern rule by the minority, a silent, tortuous movement of the body of workers is felt, comparable to the very gradual stirring of an ocean which prepares in its depths to hurl a tidal wave upon an island that believes itself too lofty for inundation.

In countries where dictators have not yet arisen to make a last stand against a misery-impelled lurch toward radicalism, or which the division of the spoils by the Allies has left shattered and embittered, pessimism has penetrated deepest into the aristocracy and former cultured and rich classes, as in England, Germany and Austria. Among them it often takes the form of mad gayety, of loosed morality and manners, as if they would speed as fast as possible the remnant of their previous wealth and position, and even life itself.

But not seldom, the most thoughtful, the most talented, and perhaps the most unselfish share the profound disillusionment of their inferiors in intellect and morals, and suffer, too, this morbid abandonment of hope.

\* \* \*

The other day our little ship was anchored in a cove off the Dalmatian coast across the Adriatic sea from Venice. The former chief naval base of Austria was a few hours away. This beach had once been the resort of Vienna's court, the most gorgeous on the continent. Here came lovey ladies and titled dandies with glittering naval officers, archbishops and cocottes to while away the hot months. Archdukes had love nests in the adjacent woods. Even the august emperor had often joined here that buxom commoner who swore to him that his bald head was more precious to her than his golden

crown.

Now all this coast of Dalmatia is Italy's loot of war. The erstwhile great centers are moribund, empty of the dead or departed Austrians, and not to the liking of the Italian masses. Only during the summer these tiny inlets are noisy with vacationists from toward Vienna. Boarding houses and ordinary hotels take care of them. The chateaux and villas are dark.

We let our anchors down after dawn, and lay moored snugly a hundred fathoms from the nearest seawall and *pension*. The bathers began to shadow the beach about ten o'clock, and, shortly, small sailboats and rowboats came about our brilliantly painted *trabacolo*. They were curious about us, for though our craft was originally a Venetian sailing freighter, it was now evidently an American yacht. The onlookers smiled, and called out for permission to board us.

They trooped aboard during the morning quite two score, all Austrians, business men, teachers, clerks, students, male and female. They spoke nothing but German, and our conversation was shallow; on my part, "*Guten morgen, ganz gewiss, Amerikanisch*"; and on theirs, long questionings, to which I mostly replied, "*Ja! Ja! Natürlich!*"

These pleasant, laughing visitors were enjoying their holidays, apparently, without a thought of the past. The girls were ready to be made love to, and the men to drink heartily. But soon, because, perhaps, our communicable words ran out, they withdrew, and did not return. In the late afternoon a couple arrived at the gangway, he in his thirties, and she in her twenties, and speaking English and French fluently. They saw the *trabacolo* as a work of Venetian art, and admired the modern American comfort touches. He could talk about all the harbors toward Jugo-Slavia and Greece we intended to visit. They would accept no hospitality, and after a half-hour leaped back into the bottle-green sea and swam to a far point.

They came back the next day, sailing. About these exquisite people was an air of sadness. Not dejection nor spleen; rather the anhedonia of one who cannot hitch his wagon to any star because there are no stars in his firmament—only clouds. At night when all was quiet, and the strident fiddlings of the cicadas in the pine groves ashore pervaded the soft darkness, the Count spoke his mind. A glass or two of vintage Lanson probably articulated him. He was formerly an Austrian naval officer, and had seen his nation's base torn from it in an uneven siege by Britain and Italy. He was now a stockbroker in Vienna's Wall Street. I spoke of the rebuilding of Eu-

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rope, of the League of Nations, America's desire to aid, and all those medicaments and plasters which we fattened and aloof apothecaries wish to sell to diseased Europe. He listened, and when I asked his opinion I—being by now slightly narcotized by my own design of a United States of Europe, sound money, no tariff, no passport barriers, etc.—he said in a dull, flat voice:

"That is all absurd. Europe is doomed. We have sowed our fields with blood and steel, and can reap nothing but despair. We will sink, all of us, Austria fastest, the Balkans and Poland next, and, maybe, Scandinavia last, into a morass of unemployment, strife, moral and physical decay. We will lose our artists first, our philosophers, then our clowns and entertainers, and, finally, our clergy. Trade will dissolve into peddlers' packs, and banking into wretched usury. The giants are America and Russia, and, in time, Asia revived. Europe will have hundreds of years of twilight. Nothing can save us, you least of all, for you don't even know what's the matter with us. All of us will have a succession of dictators, and eras of communism; but as forces in the world we are done."

"Is that the opinion of your circle, of your Austrian class?" I asked, dismayed. "It is really the opinion of all Austria, and most of Europe. The dictators are signs of the apathy of the populations. These masses will rise in time, and there will be revolutions, but to no purpose of a future worth-while. You Americans will visit Europe some day as you now visit Arabia or Egypt, once great powers. My wife and I know that we must live. We do our best, care for our health, and want no children. The illusion of happiness, though, has gone entirely, because we foresee the fate of our own land and of all once proud Europe."

I saw him to his boat, with rather inimical feelings. The love music of the cicadas (they do it with their legs) was supreme, the heavens were studded with my stars, a sweet, dark wave slapped the *trabacolo's* stern. His *auf wiedersehen* died away musically over the waters. As I turned into my bunk, I sighed. The ravenish Count had deflated my puff-ball. Only two days before I had read that Ford had turned out his fourteenth million car.

\* \* \*

The twenty million dead of the Great War have been in their graves three years longer than when I set down the above in my journal. The next war is three years nearer than when I sailed in the *trabacolo* towards the Grecian isles; if it is to come. What of the night, our present plight? All the dictatorships still exist. Germany in economic puz-



zlement matches Fascism against Communism. England, a waning sun, whose planets have or seek separate orbits, fights desperately against odds of ten million surplus population. Russia, dreaded by universal capitalism and sectarianism, threatens to succeed, and make comparisons odious. Austria is less unhappy.

India stirs toward rebellion. China, overwhelmed by the Western fever, strives in war and communism, in patriotism and anarchy, to industrialize. Standards of living, optimism, security, decrease throughout Europe and Asia. Hate, the spawn of fear, darkens the world outside the Americas. Revolution in most of America south of Mexico exchanges political masters in vain strivings to bring economic realities to the level of former inflation. We are paying for the War to End War. What of the foggy future?

We need not despair. Things have been worse in my own days, at least in lack of *means* for employment. It is commonplace that science, inventors, engineers and chemists, have made for us machines beyond our decaying morals and our collective brains. The old men of Europe, and of America, obscene, weary, ambitious, removed from the mass of life, have brought on the *debacle* in government and finance.

Some day, youth, unhypocritical, unafraid of and untrusting in the old anthropomorphic god, in whose name every nation fights and stamps it real gods, gold and silver, will remedy the evil. It is doing so in China as fast as it can erase the graveyard civilization of the past century.

So far, the young men and women in America have not spoken. Those who were in the war are too broken—at least, to military harness. A scum of surface weeds—radio, Hollywood, tabloid, low magazines, gangsters, prohibition, professional athletics, prep and college gunnery, a suppliant church—cloud the pure, deep waters of life from most young people.

When they awaken and act we shall have decency, some Christ-like ways, peace and prosperity. There is no hope in old men tied to a dead past, wanting only safety, and no radical change.

I believe in youth, and that slowly the generation which escaped the hatreds and horrors of 1914-18, will liberate us. I don't mean merely from hard times. That desirable improvement may come any season. I mean from moral falsities, militarism, war debts, competing tariffs, international superiorities, and the power of money to enslave bodies and dwarf human spirits.

## Two Poems by Dora Hagemeyer . . .

From "Songs of the Green Flame," published in December

O Earth, warm fragrant mother of us all!  
Call back your children.  
Put your great arms around them.  
Let them hear once more the full beat of your heart.  
They are blind with staring into the dark.  
They are deaf with pain  
And the blood in their veins is frozen.  
They see no more the playful flowers by the door,  
Nor hear the singing chorus of the fields . . .

Let them return awakened by their loneliness  
Stirred by the light filling the sky to the northward.  
Let them come back into your valleys where the wind runs;  
Deny them not one touch of your compassion . . .



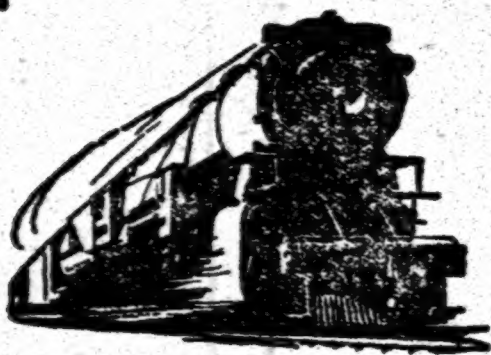
Let it grow cold and freeze the blood  
And frosty under the moon.  
Let there be storm and blizzard and flood  
For spring is coming too soon.

Let it set back the quickening seed  
And nip the bud and the leaf.  
There will be many an arrogant weed  
Blackened and turned to grief.

Let it force down the sap again  
To the root asleep in the earth.  
Let there be winter enough, and pain  
Before the season of birth.

Under the thick rooted grass  
The blood of the world is flowing.  
Let it be slow till the dark days pass  
And the time has come for growing.





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## Art Notes

### CALIFORNIA PORTRAYER OF NATURE'S BEAUTIES

The current issue of "California Arts and Architecture" reproduces for a cover design a strikingly colorful painting, "Gulls at Point Lobos," by Jessie Arms Botke, whose studio was formerly in Carmel. An editorial note says that the artist has been called "the American Rousseau," so delightfully is she concerned with exotic birds and their luscious plumage, with strangely luxuriant gardens. She is especially famous for her paintings of white peacocks. Her decorative conceptions of both birds and flowers have always the firm basis of reality, for she has made an exhaustive study of them. Her vast experience as a tapestry designer in New York with the Herter Looms has helped make her authoritative in her chosen work.

Peacocks, macaws, flamingoes, cockatoos, parakeets, even prosaic geese and gulls are pictured with fascinating compositional and chromatic effect by Mrs. Botke. Her latest decorative flight is with fish. She starts out accurately drawing blue and green fish going into coral reefs and coming out white with purple spots, and cites William Beebe, whom she reads voraciously, as her authority for such apparent liberties.

### MUSEUM OF STEEL

Steel, the spine of the machine age, is enshrined in a steel museum by John W. Higgins, president of the Worcester Steel Corporation, at Barbers Crossing, New York. The museum, known as the John Woodman Higgins Armory, will be of great interest and value to the student and art lover in reviewing the development of iron and steel through the ages. The Higgins collection—representing several hundred thousand dollars—presents a visual history of the art of pressed steel from the dawn of its working to the present day.

The armory in itself is a comprehensive example of the advance which has been made in the use of steel in architecture. The exterior walls are all steel and glass. Arms and armor, which through many centuries represented the evolution of working iron, are exhibited in high Gothic baronial halls and galleries.

### GAUGUIN'S FRESCOES

Paul Gauguin's only known frescoes, one showing a rustic conception of Jeanne d'Arc and another a dashing design of a goose, have been brought to the United

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States and are now on exhibition for the first time in New York. The frescoes were accidentally discovered in 1925, after being "lost" for thirty-five years, by Jan Javey, art student, who left a conveyance in a village of Brittany and stopped at the inn to quench his thirst and wait for the next vehicle. While sipping his drink in the cool of the old hostelry, Javey's eye detected a flare of rich color beneath a flap of loose wall paper. Intrigued, he loosened the paper more and more, at last disclosing the frescoes. Javey and a small group of his friends, all poor artists, pooled their resources and bought the paintings.

M. Chauffrey, expert, was engaged to remove the frescoes. Since then they have been closely guarded in the studio of one of the purchasers.

Gauguin painted the two frescoes in 1899 after he came back from the tropics. A short time later he went to Tahiti. His home in Brittany, which had been the mecca of his followers, passed into the hands of provincials who hid the paintings under wall paper.

### MUSEUM INNOVATION

In connection with an exhibition of Indian textiles, the Denver Museum has persuaded a Navajo woman to leave her reservation and set up her loom in one of the galleries, demonstrating just how the rough wool of the native sheep is made into blankets.

Frederic H. Douglas, curator of Indian art at the Museum, wrote in the "Rocky Mountain News":

"From the standpoint of the artist the value of the Navajo blankets lies in their exposition of the great ability of the Indian to create beautiful balanced formal designs with simple angular and straight geometrical elements. Symmetrical balance is one of the most striking characteristics of the Indian's art. Line is balanced by line and triangle by triangle. This leaning toward symmetry is interesting in view of the well founded idea that the Indian came originally from the Orient, the great home of unsymmetrical design.

"The question of what these designs mean is one which has occupied the mind of man very universally. Endless elaborate symbolic sermons have been seen in these blankets, together with pathetic life stories. Yet the almost unanimous opinion of scientist, trader and frontiersmen and government agents alike is that with a very few exceptions the patterns are quite devoid of meaning and are placed as they are on each blanket simply to please the eye and mind of the maker."



## PRESENT-DAY EDUCATIONAL METHODS IN GERMANY

(A report by MME. YVONNE NAVAS-REY of a lecture by Professor Carl H. Becker, at Columbia University, New York, under the Sachs Foundation. Professor Becker spoke on "The Present Educational Situation in Germany.")

Dr. Becker looks very German, and he possesses the German earnestness. Rightly or wrongly, he gave the impression of having gone through a period of mental perplexity and then to have righted himself psychologically and to have found once more his bearings.

The Sachs Foundation, under which he lectured, is international in character; he was the third lecturer, the two first having been respectively American and English. Dr. Becker spoke in English.

He began by saying that in his opinion secondary education and teacher training had been more influenced by the political revolution than any other activities. Although the Era of the Child began before the war, it was opposed by the old conception of the State as being all-important and deserving the loyalty and devotion of all citizens. Everyone knows of the dual system of education in Europe but for the benefit of those who do not or who have forgotten it, I mention that the old caste conception of European society sanctioned two entirely separate systems of education which ran parallel to each other and like two parallel lines, never met. Secondary education was intended for a privileged class; elementary education for the common people. The downfall of the monarchic state in Germany brought about a change more rapidly than would otherwise have been the case, but the forces not so much of democracy as of realism were even then working. The sole claim to intellectuality of the secondary school system was being challenged by agrarian and industrial interests; scholastic and even monastic ideals no longer fitted in with the times. In the elementary schools, on the other hand, it was found that such modern measures as the continuance schools and others of the same kind were necessary. So that it may be said that the downfall of the old order simply hastened a change that was already on its way.

At this point Dr. Becker stated emphatically that a great danger was avoided by Germany at the crucial time: it rejected mass standardization as a deadening influence. Germany's cultural past was too rich; it was realized that men and women are not machines all equally endowed with gifts; the new ideal, the second humanism as Dr. Becker called it,

was the development of the individual to his or her fullest extent. Unfortunately, this aim pre-supposes economic resources which for the present are denied Germany; she is, therefore, handicapped to this extent. But it is realized that in caring for the welfare of the child, it is really the welfare of the State that is at stake. (Why has not this dawned on Americans?)

The speaker then proceeded to condemn both the Russian and the Turkish present aims of education, as partaking, both of them, of that deadening of the spirit of which he had spoken before as being a danger which Germany had successfully avoided.

Turning to the internal history of Germany in the years that followed the end of the war, Dr. Becker spoke of a great spiritual awakening which had appeared in the very midst of the physical privations of all kinds. It was true, he granted, that a clash had occurred between the nationalistic and the international ideal, but this had been largely, not entirely, solved by the realization that national self-consciousness demands a friendly spirit of co-operation with other nations, all the more because of Germany's situation in the central part of Europe, surrounded as she is on all sides except the north. Reference was then made to the Junkers, who were making this spirit of co-operation so much more difficult. There was also the problem of unifying people in the midst of an over-mechanized civilization. Nevertheless, the tendency of groping towards new moorings is characteristic of the epoch; it is to be seen in numerous conversions to Catholicism, in the creation of numerous new sects, and even in determined nihilism on the part of others. (There have even been attempts to create a Germanic religion out of ancient Germanic myths; all these tendencies, according to Dr. Becker, were a manifestation of the individualistic tendency of German civilization; it cannot successfully assimilate Socialism.)

Under this emotional urge, it is to be noticed that art has developed as almost never before. Dr. Becker said that until then, art in Germany had been very much repressed under the intellectual expansion. It also has been realized as never before, what a power for self-expression of communities is music and also a very important discovery, namely, that the sources of inspiration of art and science are similar.

The present philosophical attitude of Germany is that of awe before our own being. In connection with this, the speaker brought in the Youth movement

and its philosophical alliance with Bergson and Friedman, in spite of the intellectual detractors of this belief in intuition. Athletics, conceived in the proper spirit, he said, helped this conception of all-around development; respect of one's body as the vessel of psychological properties was growing.

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### THE LEGACY OF FREE VERSE

By LIONEL STEVENSON, PH.D.

Department of English, University of California

Now that more than fifteen years have passed since readers of poetry in the United States were startled by the strange and diverse experiments which appeared under the general name of *vers libre* or free verse, it is possible to make an estimate of what the eventual effect of the innovation may be. There can be no doubt that less of it is being written now than at any time in the intervening years, and accordingly one hears prophesies that it will completely vanish, whereas a decade ago the prophesies were that regular verse would vanish in its favor. In my opinion both views are incorrect.

The development of *vers libre* as a technical form cannot be considered apart from two other revolutions which occurred in American poetry at the same time. One was the theory that poetry need not be restricted to certain topics approved by tradition, but could include the most modern, commonplace, and so-called "ugly" subjects; the other was the theory that poetry need not teach any lesson, or convey any philosophic generalization—that its task was complete when it vividly presented a single specific image to the reader's mind. Both of these insurrections were called forth by the stagnant condition of American poetry, which had done little for years but imitate the methods and subjects of a previous generation, with pompous and didactic solemnity. A vigorous effort was imperative, if it were to be revitalized.

Modernity in subject-matter, "imagism" in method, and "free verse" in form, although they occasionally appeared separately, were usually inseparable. The reason was that the various regular metres and rhymes had come to be identified in the minds of all readers of poetry with the traditional subjects and purposes. A poem about a Chicago slaughter house, or a modern bath room, if written in stanzas which had previously been identified solely with with country churchyards and chattering brooks, would provoke laughter because it would be incongruous, since incongruity is the essence of all ridicule. Similarly, an imagistic poem if written in the familiar metres, would seem fragmentary because of its lack of a "message" or allegory. In diction, too, the new poets were trying to keep close to the vocabulary of current speech, to lend realism to their studies of psychology. For all these reasons they felt it wiser to use a



poetic form which was free of inappropriate suggestions.

As a matter of fact, *vers libre* was not a new invention. It had been used not only by poets, such as Milton, Arnold and Whitman, but by all prose writers who ever combined strong emotion and vivid imagery with skillful use of rhythmic pattern and beautiful-sounding words. The new poets merely extended its use and formulated its principles. Like all innovations, it attracted many charlatans and triflers, who wrote bad *vers libre* merely to attract attention or because they were incapable of writing any better in the other forms; but the best of the new poets produced work of permanent value.

One of their hopes, however, was not fulfilled. They claimed that "the man in the street" would be won to poetry as soon as it discarded the artificial forms which were meaningless to him. This claim overlooks the very most important element in poetry, to which all history attests. The appeal of poetry is inseparable from the appeal of song, and song is always regular in rhythm. Poetry is the most primitive form of literature, being the only literature of uncivilized races, and coming to perfection as civilization developed in each race, while graceful prose—the equivalent of *vers libre*—remained unborn. In the life of the individual, which parallels so closely the life of the race, poetry similarly comes first, in nursery rhymes and game songs. Moreover, there is some profound psychological identification between emotion and regular rhythm, so as long as poetry is concerned with emotion, regular metre will be used to intensify the emotional effects.

The lovers of *vers libre*, therefore, can never be the great mass of average people but must always remain the small minority with a literary taste so highly cultivated that they can appreciate artistic prose for its technical subtleties, and with ears so attuned that they can recognize the involved variations of rhythm which good *vers libre* is supposed to possess. And even they will find that it fails to stir their deeper emotions as regular metre can stir them. Its appeal will be primarily intellectual and the emotions are primordial forces defying the intellect which the human race has so recently begun to acquire. Until the visions of Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells are fulfilled by the complete supplanting of the feelings of the mind, poetry will retain regular metrical forms.

On the other hand, *vers libre* has justified its right to exist, and will survive. When well written, it can give a specially keen pleasure to the highly cultivated

people whose senses are soon pained by the obviousness of regular metre—the people who would rather listen to Beethoven's "Quartet in B Flat" than beat time to "Dixie." Even those people will continue to thrill to good poems in regular metre, whenever they are in the mood for emotion; but there is no reason why poetry should not provide intellectual enjoyment also, for those who prefer it. Thus the scope of poetry has been enlarged; new subjects, new words, new points of view, to which the traditional metres were inappropriate, have now found more suitable embodiment. Furthermore, the technical experiments of *vers libre* have been of real value to metrical verse also. To write a good *vers libre* poem is much more difficult than to write in established metres, because the effect must be achieved independently by each line and each word, instead of being sustained by the recurrent pattern.

Clearly, then, American poetry has profited much from the *vers libre* movement. The influence of this competition has been most salutary to the other poets, whose work has gained vitality, individuality. Even the controversy, and all the absurd extremes which accompany any revolt, have been valuable for making people think actively about their poetic standards. But the established poetic forms have not been overthrown by their rivals; on the contrary, the essential value of metre has been proven by its triumphant survival of the challenge.—"California Arts and Architecture."

#### SOUTH SEAS LIBRARY

The regents of Butler University have announced that William F. Charters, a resident of Indianapolis, has presented to the institution a collection of books and pamphlets dealing with the South Seas.

Mr. Charters interest in the South Pacific islands dates from his reading of Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows." From this beginning, he set out to collect a copy of every book, pamphlet or tract on the subject printed in English.

The romance of the Hawaiian Islands having disappeared in a measure during recent years on account of changed conditions, Mr. Charters did not emphasize those islands in his collection, but gave his especial attention to the other islands and groups inhabited by Polynesians, Melanesians and Micronesians—he regions which Frederick O'Brien has made his own.

On account of the rarity of some of the items, the collection will not be available for general circulation.

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## JOHN VARIAN

The little village of Halcyon, south of San Luis Obispo, has recently been saddened by the death of John Varian, one of its best-loved residents.

For many years, he has been a source of inspiration to the little colony. He was an Irishman by birth and grew up among such men as Yeats, A.E., and James Stephens. His mind was steeped in Irish mythology. Out of his rich store of legends he would weave by the hour, stories which should never have been lost to humanity. Many of these were written down, but some of the best, inspired by groups of true companions in the out-of-doors, will remain only in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

One of those who used them to the greatest advantage was Henry Cowell, much of whose music is founded on these tales. The great sweep of his imagination would soar from heaven to earth and weave pictures such as only a true creator could conceive.

John Varian was one of those rare people who took his sense of humor with all his doings. It did one good to see him throw back his grey head and laugh—a laugh that never failed to set everyone else laughing. He would start one of his tales and as it grew, his eyes would twinkle and the fun would mount. Then when one of the immortal gods would get into some human brawl he would laugh as only an Irishman can laugh.

Halcyon will long remember the lean stooped figure of John Varian coming over the fields among the flowers singing. He contributed to the simple beauty and love of life. He was a singing soul.

—D. H.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES  
"Love" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." (I John, 4:7, 8.)

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "God is individual, incorporeal. He is divine Principle, Love the only creator, and there is no other self-existence. He is all-inclusive, and is reflected by all that is real and eternal and by nothing else. (p. 331).

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## MORE INFORMATION ON BIRD SANCTUARIES

Under the migratory bird act passed by Congress two years ago, there will no doubt be many additional bird sanctuaries established throughout the country by the joint action of the several states and the Federal government.

In the United States there are eighty Federal bird sanctuaries already established and probably as many more have been created by private individuals or by state legislation.

Birds and other wild life are quick to take full advantage of these sanctuaries wherever they exist. A splendid example of this is to be found at Back Bay in Portland, Maine, where the shooting of wild ducks is prohibited. In autumn the Bay is literally black with the thousands of ducks that find refuge from hunters, and many people ride about the Baxter Boulevard to see them. Some of these ducks linger all winter and grain is supplied them until warmer weather prevails.

The first appropriation made by Congress in 1929 for the development of Federal bird sanctuaries was \$75,000. It was to be used largely in preliminary surveys. In 1930 the appropriation was \$200,000, and in 1931 the money available will be \$600,000, to complete surveys and purchase the land wanted.

Then, for six years following, there will be \$1,000,000 each year for the purchase and establishment of these refuges for wild life. These figures are gathered from a publication issued by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Mr. Dwight Murphy, chairman of the Santa Barbara Board of Park Commissioners, is preparing for The Carmelite a special article dealing with the Andree Clark Bird Refuge in that city. The article will appear in an early issue.

## TRAVEL PROMOTION

M. C. Hall, of Del Monte, newly elected general manager and secretary of the California Mission Trails Association, has established headquarters in Monterey. Together with Frank Miratti, Jr., of Santa Barbara, president of the association, Mr. Hall recently completed a tour of the coastal territory from Santa Barbara to San Jose, arranging plans for an advertising campaign.

Previous to its reorganization on January nineteenth, the Mission Trails Association was primarily a hotel group. A much larger organization is now planned to include persons and groups interested in promoting increased travel along the highways and byways of the coastal region.



# THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

## "PELICAN BILL."

By Harry T. Martin

Back in the days when "Pelican Bill" had two good eyes and flew with the flock, nobody knew very much about him. He attracted no more attention than any one of a thousand of his kind.

But one bleak morning about ten years ago, Bill, as he has since been named, lost one eye from a gunshot wound inflicted at the hand of a crule, law-breaking hunter. Thus maimed, he decided to live alone, seldom associating with the more perfect specimens of the pelican tribe. And today, chiefly because of this isolation, he is known in almost every harbor on the Pacific Coast. He visits all of them.

A familiar figure along the water-fronts Bill is returning to mankind good for evil. In exchange for gunshot, he has extended friendship. Placing his trust in humanity, despite his missing eye, the great old pelican closely approaches the haunts of man at all seasons of the year and has ingratiated himself with all who make his acquaintance. He is the pet of the veteran water-fronters. Woe to the individual who attempts to do Bill further harm. Those who know and admire the lonely old pelican would no more think of injuring him than if he were a friendly dog.

Above all, Pelican Bill is a weather prophet—or at least is regarded as such by his many human chums along the var-

ious docks. Not a few of the ancient mariners declare Bill to be infallible. If on a sunny afternoon Bill is seen sitting dejectedly on a pile, his great bill sunk upon his breast, his wings drooping and his feathers ruffled, that means rain within twenty-four hours. And if, in addition to this, Bill should stand for long intervals on one foot, with the other tucked up under him, that means that the rain will be accompanied by heavy winds and consequently heavy seas. Many of the old sea-dogs on the lumber wharves believe that the U. S. Weather Bureau should take its tips from this remarkable pelican, posting storm warnings for the benefit of navigation whenever Bill performs that stunt of balancing himself on one of his beautifully webbed extremities.

Of course Pelican Bill may be overrated as a prognosticator of future weather conditions. Perhaps he makes no claims to being a prophet as regards things of a climatical nature. But all skeptical persons will have a hard time convincing the water-fronters that Bill is without a natural gift as a forecaster of what the elements have in store for humanity. The wise old pelican will permit his human friends to approach within a few feet of him and will even accept a fish extended to him at arm's length, but none are allowed to touch him. He is never vicious. He merely resents undue familiarity with a flap of his huge wings



and moves over to the next pile. Bill is the personification of dignity in appearance and in every motion.

Loss of one eye has in no way handicapped this bird as a diver. He rises to great heights above the bays or the ocean and keenly inspects the waters with his one remaining eye. Then, head down he falls like a flash into the brine, emerging after several seconds with his dinner. When the supply of small fish is great, supply in his great pouch, for future consumption. This pouch lies just below his enormous bill. When filled with fish it is very conspicuous.

There has been no little speculation as to why Pelican Bill, after losing his eye, so quickly shunned the great flocks of pelicans that make their home along the human beings. This is a question that never will be definitely answered, for Bill has no way of communicating with his human friends. But it is believed by many that the old pelican, deeply conscious of his injury, suffered no little humiliation as a result of it and went into voluntary exile.

Yet at times when a distant flock of pelicans trails gracefully across the sky, Bill, from his perch on a pile, cranes his neck to watch them intently until they are lost to view. And a far-away look, touched with something akin to sadness, comes into the old bird's single eye.

## PERRY DILLEY PUPPETS—

—are shown in the picture at the right. They are coming to the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday.





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